

THE BELL



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Carefully stepping over Husband, Bill Blair wades through an entangled mass of linemen in the Clinic Bowl. Picture courtesy of the Nashville Tennessean.

MBA Wins Clinic Bowl; Ends Season Undefeated

On Thanksgiving day, the Big Red decisively defeated Isaac Litton 21-0 and earned not only the championship of the Nashville Interscholastic League, but also the highly coveted trophy of the Clinic Bowl. With this victory, MBA completed a memorable undefeated season.

The decisive factor in the game, to no one's surprise, was quarterback Tommy Roady's passes to Rusty Lawrence, Hunter Atkins, and Bill Blair. Roady, Blair, and fullback Bill Husband scored the Big Red's touchdowns.

For his superb pass catching, blocking, and defensive work, Rusty Lawrence received the "Most Valuable Player" Trophy. Another hallmark established in this Clinic Bowl game was Bill Blair's twentieth touchdown of the season, which placed him first among N.I.L. scorers.

Over twenty thousand people attended the game, sponsored annually by the Nashville Area Junior Chamber of Commerce. The proceeds will go to the physical therapy center at the Vanderbilt University Hospital. During its seventeen-year history, the Clinic Bowl game has raised over \$550,000.

MBA is not at all a newcomer to the Clinic Bowl. Since participating in the first contest in 1950, the Big Red has played in four other Clinic Bowl games, compiling a record of two wins, one loss, and two ties. MBA has thus won or tied more games than any other participant in this bowl.

The sentiments of the student body were aptly expressed by Coach Owen just after the Springfield game. He commented, "It's wonderful to be back in the Clinic Bowl again. It certainly has been a long dry spell."

After the game, in assembly, Coach Owen expressed his appreciation for the almost complete turnout of the students to support the team. It is evident that that "long dry spell" has been very emphatically ended.

MBA Hosts Debate Meet

On Saturday, November 5, MBA played host to the first annual M.B.A.-B.G.A. Invitational Debate Tournament. Seventeen teams from fourteen schools participated in the three rounds of debating, after which trophies were awarded for the best teams and the best individual debaters. Ironically, the MBA teams entered in the meet, although not the varsity debaters, who were running the tournament, did extremely well but were not allowed to take home the trophies because they were the hosts (*sic*).

Our teams were composed of Brett Kirkpatrick and Henry Walker on the affirmative side, and Steve Neff and Doug Small on the negative. Kirkpatrick was named the best affirmative varsity debater, and he and Walker qualified for the first place affirmative team trophy. In the negative awards Doug Small placed second in the individual awards, and he and Neff were named runners-up for the negative team trophy.

With MBA out of the competition, both the affirmative and negative varsity trophies were won by Litton, while Overton copped both novice team awards.

Bryant Wins English Award

The National Council of Teachers of English recently awarded Bob Bryant a "certificate for superior quality of achievement in high-school English." Bob is now a finalist in the nationwide competition for the Council's recognition and recommendation to colleges for "writing performance and literary awareness." This award places him in the top 800 high school English students in the nation and in the top 11 in Tennessee.

In order to qualify for this award Bob had to take extensive tests, write an impromptu theme, and submit examples of his themes.

Noted Chemist Addresses Assembly

Dr. William H. Jones, chemistry professor at Emory University, spoke to the student body December 1 on the subject of "Science Today: Its Promise and Its Demands."

Dr. Jones is well qualified to speak on this subject because of both his scientific ability and his concern and success in the field of teaching in high school as well as in college.

In the former category, Dr. Jones has, since earning his doctorate at Princeton, participated in numerous important research projects, of which the most famous was the Manhattan Project of World War II, which produced the world's first atomic bomb.

In the field of teaching, Dr. Jones directs Emory's entire summer school program and a special summer institute in chemistry for small college professors, and he has been very active in high school teaching through the American Chemical Society, the National Science Foundation, and the Georgia Chemical Society.

In his talk, Dr. Jones discussed the requirements and rewards of a career in science and advised high school students about the preparation needed for such a career. He especially emphasized the necessity of a solid background for science, including mathematics, English, and such foreign languages as French, Russian, and German.

Dr. Jones' speech was extremely well received and appreciated by students and faculty alike because of Dr. Jones' competence and frankness in assessing the requirements of a career in science and his rare and valuable ability to express a technical subject in non-technical language.

The next speaker was the Reverend Daniel Patrick McGeachy, newly installed minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church, who, on December 2, gave an excellent talk on the subject of "The New Morality."

Mr. McGeachy explained that the "new" morality is merely a constructive extension of the "old" morality. This new and modern code of ethics, he emphasized, is based on regarding one's fellow men as truly individual persons and granting them respect and love because of each one's unique "personhood."

He further emphasized the benefits of following the positive commandments of this higher code in order to complement and extend the merely negative commandments of the Old Testament Laws. In our daily lives, Mr. McGeachy suggested that we go "above and beyond the call of duty" to our fellow men through individual love and fellowship.

Football Team Celebrates Victory

The football team, on the evening of December 6, realized some of the fruits of success at the Belle Meade Country Club, where the annual football banquet was held. Because of the Clinic Bowl victory and NIL championship, the atmosphere was unusually spirited. The purpose of this annual affair is to celebrate the past season and to recognize the outstanding players on the team.

Coach Rodgers presented the tackling awards first. These prizes went to Bill Husband, who had the greatest number of tackles (105) and to John Bracewell, who was named the best tackler.

The next order of business was Coach Ridgway's presentation of the "Scrounger" award to Bill Blair, and the Blocking prize to Bubba Herrington. Coach Owen concluded the presentations by recognizing Robbie Quinn as the player with the best spirit.

Tommy Roady and Sandy Haury were named co-captains for the next season, and the team spent the rest of the evening gloating over the films of the Clinic Bowl.

Soccer Causes Irish Famine

by Tommy Glassman

Contrary to popular belief, soccer is not the progeny of the Greek drama, although it does come from the Greek word *agros*, -as, f. Soccer has had quite an interesting background. It first enjoyed prominence in Europe, thus accounting for the continental *measurs* of the game. Later on, it moved to Ireland, where the game became so popular that all the people picking potatoes in the fields fancied themselves soccer players, and commenced kicking potatoes around like soccer balls.

It is understandable that after several weeks of this type of harvesting, not a single potato remained in Ireland. Of course this dearth of spuds led to the great famine, which in turn necessitated the movement of many people from the bonny bonny shores of Loch Ness beach area and other habitats of great renown in Ireland to the United States and other countries.

While moving, the former denizens of the Emerald Isle placed a curse on the game of soccer which still stands to this late day. This explains soccer's ascent to popularity in this country.

Since it has come to MBA, soccer has enjoyed an undisputed place of importance among students, who, during the winter period of athletics, end up on the soccer field.

A regular soccer team consists of eleven players. The positions are as follows: a center forward, a left and right inside, and two wings comprise the front line; there are also three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and a goalie. A soccer field of regular dimensions is 110 yards long and about 50 yards wide. In this game, which is played entirely without using the hands, there are 2 halves (not unlike football). The object of the game is to kick, by

means of the feet or sometimes the head, a little leather ball about the size of a basketball through a goal. Each goal scored counts as one point.

Soccer is one of the largest spectator sports in the world today. It is also one of the largest spectator participation sports. For example, not too very long ago in Lima, Peru, a riot occurred over a bad call in a championship game. As a result of the riot, several hundred people were trampled to death. In England, as a preventive measure, moats are dug around the field and barbed wire is delicately placed hither, thither, and yon to keep enthusiastic fans at bay.

Soccer is fast becoming one of the major college sports and one of the more popular spectator sports in America. Although it has taken over several hundred years to gain a firm foothold in this country, it is predicted to develop into one of the nation's leading sports in a surprisingly short time.

Of course, no article about the glorious sport of soccer would be complete without a reverential tribute to some of MBA's more illustrious coaches. Mr. Balum and Mr. Pickering remain the most egregious for their heinous crimes perpetrated in the name of afternoon athletics.

In the final analysis, it must be admitted that had the Irish encountered what is played on the Hill on winter afternoons, me thinks the great potato famine would never have plagued the world, and that the price of french-fries would still be only fifteen cents.

Bob Bryant:

Who Is John Galt?

"Who is John Galt?" With this question, Ayn Rand opens her revolutionary novel *Atlas Shrugged*. The novel is a search for the answer to this question and a definition of her philosophy of Objectivism.

Atlas Shrugged is a novel of unique worth and great power. Unlike many of the books MBA students read, such power. Miss Rand's theory of fiction is that writers should picture man as a "creature capable of reason, heroism, and almost infinite joy." She also believes that one should not write about the depths to which man can sink, but rather about the heights which he can attain; not about what man is but about what he could and should be.

In developing her plot, Miss Rand postulates a world in the believably near future. This world is in the grip of developing total Communism. Not through violence has this system been instituted, but rather through a gradual prostitution of men's minds by the philosophies of unselfishness and altruism. The "in" philosophers of the day preach that man is incapable of rising to any height, that reason and men's minds are illusions, that the heart is the most important aspect of life; that it is evil to work for one's own betterment, and that money is the root of all evil.

John Galt, Miss Rand's most wonderful hero, is a brilliant engineer of intransigent mind who decides to reveal this credo of selfishness for what it is. He perpetrates a strike of the men of the mind. Throughout history various groups of men have asserted their indispensability and refused to work until their demands are met: John Galt removes from society that really essential element: those men who work for themselves—who believe in the ability of the mind, and who know that the root of all money is creative effort. Galt and his fellow strikers swear an oath that is the essence of Ayn Rand's philosophy: "I swear, by my life and my love of it, that I shall never live my life for the sake of another man nor allow another man to live for my sake."

The world, deprived of its best minds, moves quickly to its ruin. The officials of government do not understand that the wreck about them is a product of their virtues—men who are told that they should be unselfish will not work for their own betterment, and the society falls apart. When men place more importance on the "human" values than on the objective values, they create what Miss Rand calls an "Aristocracy of Pull." It is no longer important what you know but rather whom you know.

Upon his return to the world, Galt explains to the people the motivation for the strike: "All the men who have vanished . . . it is I who have taken them away from you. Do not attempt to find us. We do not choose to be found. Do not say that it is our duty to serve you. We do not recognize such duty. Do not cry that you need us. We do not consider need a claim. Do not cry that you own us. You don't. Do not beg us to return. We are on strike, we, the men of the mind." Galt goes on to reiterate those qualities of the society against which he is striking: "We are on strike against self-immolation. We are on strike against the creed of unearned rewards and unrewarded duties. We are on strike against the dogma that the pursuit of one's happiness is evil. We are on strike against the doctrine that life is guilt."

What Ayn Rand has done is to show us what is really important—the mind. She has made terrifyingly clear what happens when men attempt to live without reason. On a symbolic level, *Atlas Shrugged* is a story of a modern Prometheus who, wearying of his horrible torture on the rock because of his gift to the world, withdraws his fire until the world withdraws its virtues. The theme of the novel is that of the virtue of selfishness—that no man has a claim to another's soul, that men owe nothing to others beyond that which they deserve. *Atlas Shrugged* is a novel of heroes—about the finest men that could ever grace the earth—those men that believe in themselves.

Ayn Rand has written several other works that expound her philosophy of Objectivism: *The Fountainhead*, *We the Living*, *Anthem*, *The Virtue of Selfishness*, *For the New Intellectual*, and *Capitalism: The Lost Ideal*.

Atlas Shrugged, Signet paperback, \$1.25.

Marketplace Offers Food, Atmosphere

You and your ideas are welcome here.

The Marketplace, a coffee house located on West End Avenue, contributes to the cultural and physical atmosphere of the so-called "Athens of the South" through its own unmistakable individuality and its distinctive appeal, which is unlike that of all the other establishments which depend for their business on the "carriage trade" of youth.

The proverbial idea of a coffee-house is a place where beatniks and other odd types assemble, reading poetry (of sorts) and singing folk songs, accompanied by the lethargic twang of a three-stringed guitar. Beatniks have been seen at the Marketplace, but also well-dressed college and high-school students, adults, and anyone who looks for a place where he or she may converse.

Of course, some people may not wish to talk; they can sit and listen. However, those whose only desire is to waste an evening should try a place of somewhat lower calibre. At any rate, the Marketplace was not intended for high-school students, for it was believed that most of them



As the Great Horned Toad, it is one of my most enjoyable duties to study and reflect upon the great attributes of our thriving cultural society. To understand whereof I speak, let us observe one Richard Hood, an average American dabbler and perpetrator of highly sophisticated cultural achievements. At first glance we see Mr. Hood thoughtfully receiving a heretofore untouched portion of canvas while holding a warm pastrami on rye thinly spread with a dab of intellectual mustard.

Suddenly, with every vibrant fibre of his body Richard hurls the sandwich at a critical point on the canvas; and with bold strokes, he smears it over the entire plane. Pensively he retreats several steps and, with a critical eye, he surveys the creation and convinces himself that it is a perfect embodiment of his aesthetic sense. What beauty! What passion! What culture!

All over the world, in every corner and crevice, there lurk the Richard Hoods, awaiting to be discovered, waiting to bring forth their own bit of culture to mankind. Some may bring their bongos and with drops of sweat rolling slowly off deeply furrowed brows, reach to the very depths of their souls and enlighten men with such moving phrases as, "I came, I sat, I departed" (*The Bitter End*, circa 1960).

Others may take their beloved magic markers and with great care and tenderness, pencil a few immortal words to be remembered by all who are capable of such appreciation. Who can forget such moving phrases as "All the way with L.B.J." or "I like Eich"?

Therefore heed not to the scoffers and cynics who cry that culture is dead. Follow not the false gods created by those who really do not know "what's happening." Believe in America. Believe in motherhood. Believe in all that is true culture. When the bombs explode, forming brightly colored displays and intricate designs, when our great armies plunder merrily across foreign lands, when frogs and fish lie dead upon exotically scented streams, let us always turn our thoughts to a humble dabbler and creator, to the magnanimous Richard Hood, who forever enhances and strengthens the culture of the world with the epitome of beauty, the agar-agar of life, a pastrami on rye.

The Great Horned Toad



Contemplating his sphere of existence, Joe(b) reposes on the ash heap of MBA. Having concluded another soul-searching day, he smiles.

would not appreciate the various opportunities offered there.

But the Marketplace should not be misunderstood. Everyone who goes there does not engage in deep intellectual discussion; some are merely there to meet people or enjoy the various forms of entertainment. Many fine folk singers have performed there—not all professional, but all good. Poems have been read; one Sunday evening, a panel discussion was featured on the Edgehill Urban Renewal Project. The Marketplace offers an atmosphere that one can find at few, if any, other places in Nashville.

The Marketplace is open on Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday nights from eight o'clock until twelve. There is no cover charge, but any contributions are welcome. Refreshments offered are popcorn, and coffee, Capuchino, hot chocolate, mocho-cocoa, Russian Tea, or Coke to drink.

Sex and the Single Student

by Tom Holman

When people are in the stage of life loosely referred to as adolescence, totally new things happen to them. They grow into physical and mental adulthood—with one difference between the two growths. The physical growth occurs before the mental; we reach physical maturity by no effort of our own, but by an act of nature. However, mental maturity is almost entirely left by nature to the individual, and may come early, late, or not at all, depending on each person's ability and desire to achieve it.

The growth of one's body naturally creates a totally new force in his life—the subjective awareness of sex. This emotion is not merely an impulse to propagate the human species because of the distinctly human quality of self-awareness, which enables sex to be not only the source of great physical satisfaction, but also the basis for rewarding and lasting relationships.

Most people, when they first become aware of sex, are not mentally mature, and therefore cannot rationally assess the part sex will play in their lives. They see this force merely as a desire to be gratified, and cannot recognize the psychological factors involved.

There are two alternatives of action for teenagers in dealing with the question of sex—a question which concerns any serious physical relationships which they form with members of the opposite sex. First, one can attempt to satisfy his sexual desires by indulging them. However, this endless pursuit of physical pleasure, besides being of no lasting value, disregards completely the mental and psychological aspect of sex, which is the basis for its physical expression.

Those who claim to be able to indulge in physical pleasures only, without "getting involved," are hurting themselves and the persons whom they use for pleasure—simply because people are not "things," but special, individual persons whose "personhood" must always be considered.

The other alternative is the recognition that because we mature physically before we mature mentally, we cannot trust all our desires to be good simply because we happen to have them. This is not to say that all teenagers should lead monkish, ascetic lives; the extent of each person's participation in any form of sex should, however, depend on the extent of his maturity and his responsibility to others who are responsible for him.

This brings us to what is always the most difficult and most often misconstrued part of any discussion of sex. This is the vital but confusing fact that decisions about sex must be individually made in order to be workable or sound. Furthermore, they must be made with freedom—and therefore with a great amount of risk. Anyone who makes the wrong decision will damage himself deeply and very possibly others; nevertheless, anyone who is forced by someone else into the "right" decision must act without conviction, sincerity, or freedom.

Moreover, the risk is infinitely greater when one person attempts to give himself the right to dictate to anyone else how he shall think and act. As a person's maturity increases, the right of even his parents to tell him how to act decreases.

There is, in the final analysis, only one unquestionable rule which should govern every person's decisions about sex. It cannot be emphasized too much. This rule is simply that every boy and every girl, most importantly, is a unique person, and should be considered as an individual before being considered as a member of either sex. The common trend is to make judgments on the basis of such things as physical beauty, social standing, or acquiescence. However, our bodies are governed by our minds, and when we try to disregard in ourselves or in others that which really makes us what we are, we are reducing ourselves to a level which is far below anything human.

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College Profiles:

News From Amherst

by Bill Terry

Aside from a first-hand visit to a college, the best source of information is a second-hand report from someone who is attending that college.

Tom and I wrote letters to several members of last year's senior class, asking them to write us and describe their colleges. Thus far, we have received a letter from Joe Strayhorn at Amherst; Mrs. Lowry has received letters from Alex Nicholson at Stanford, John Waggoner at LSU, and Doug Neff at Amherst. The following are their views about college life.

Joe Strayhorn: "My general impression of Amherst is that it is about the best situation I have ever been in. I like all my courses and most of my classmates, if not all, and there are almost infinitely many fun things to do. To be more specific:

"In case anyone doesn't know, Amherst is a men's college of about 1200 students located in Eastern Massachusetts. The campus is beautiful, with a view of the Holyoke mountain range and other ranges in almost all directions. Amherst is located near the thriving metropolis of Amherst, Mass., which one of my classmates calls a "Dingbat town," but which is enough for the stuff I've wanted to buy.

"There is very much freedom in choice of courses. I am taking, for example, a combination of courses which no one else in the school is taking. Two of my courses are worthy of note: one is 'Problems of Inquiry in the Social Science,' an interdepartmental course which studies the phenomenon of totalitarianism in the light of all the disciplines of the Social Sciences, i.e., history, political science, sociology, psychology, etc.

"The purposes of the course are first, to learn about Hitlerism and Stalinism and totalitarianism generally; and second, to learn how a social scientist works, and what methods he uses to achieve his ends. Also I am taking a writing course in which I write three times a week. You get to the point after a while that you can grind out a two page theme in an hour and a half.

"The topics are interesting: we have written about a time in which we made someone happy, a time in which we made a rule, and other autobiographical subjects; and also we have had topics concerning the school policy, such as 'Do you think the College is justified in publishing a general statement that gentlemanly behavior is expected of all students, and punishing students for violations of non-explicit rules?'

"My teacher doesn't make the same type of comments on my papers as Mrs. Lowry did; I wish just once he would write 'True!' in the margin. I don't particularly turn him on one way or another, but he gave me a passing grade for the six weeks. We don't get any grades on our papers.

"Amherst is also strategically located in a ten-mile radius of Smith and Mount Holyoke, girls' colleges of 1600 and 2500 girls respectively. There are really some beautiful girls there, although there are a few unattractive ones too, as everywhere. But they almost all have real intelligence and depth of personality, which are of course much more important than looks to the discriminating MBA scholar. Some of them are so good looking, though that they haunt my mind when I am trying to study, and cause me to strike out on tests and lab reports, etc.

"Dress at Amherst is highly informal. Most of the time I wear such things to class as blue jeans, sneakers, white socks, and a tee shirt. Most people dress better than I do, but some dress worse, and nobody cares too much. I can imagine how fast I would have been sent home if I had come to MBA in my typical Amherst dress.

"The work here isn't as hard as you would think it would be. I amaze myself how much time I waste talking to people and how little I work. But when a test or a paper comes up, I really put out a concentrated effort; in other words my planning and organization is botched up. I have resolved every day for the past two weeks to turn over a new leaf the next day.

"I am also taking Genetics, and my teachers in it are about the funniest teachers you can ever expect to find. We spend a portion of each lecture laughing. The other day we were seeing slides of cells and stuff, and the last slide was a painting of God and the angels in heaven.

"Another day the two professors held an awards program, giving prizes for the best slides in lab and a booby prize for the worst results on a certain experiment. One of them constantly makes risqué jokes about things that genetics reminds him of, and the presence of a girl or two in the class only serves to make him more funny, and embarrassing to the females present. (There is a Smith girl in our class, and other people sometimes bring their dates to class.)

"Doug Neff has a teacher that is reportedly just as funny, who wears a beanie around the campus and has been known to come to class through the window. What is more interesting is that these teachers are all prominent in their fields and are excellent teachers.

"Good luck to A.P. '67 with Mrs. Lowry. The other day Doug and I were at a discussion and somebody used the phrase 'human-condition,' and we looked at each other and smile-groaned. It's kind of fun to think back on Mrs. Lowry's class; it was a distinctly unique experience. Anyway, I guess when you are taking a test and trying to think of six ways in which trees in winter are like 'bare ruined choirs,' or five reasons why the word 'water' is appropriate, it will be consoling to think that it is good mental exercise to get in shape for the AP test.

from Harpeth Hall:



We, the Bell Witches, would like to open this column with a request to our readers. We hope that this article will be read with humor and not with tears. Thanks to the senator's son and the well-known Hen, our identity was revealed; therefore, many people have passed us with locks on their mouths. Although girls at the Hall have been whispering, we think we have uncovered a few more sordid tales to add to our list.

David has parted with his "Fowlkes" and since then has been singing out the tune "Good Golly, Miss Molly." French class at H.H. is still hearing about the slave's web. At Linda's house, the Rooster remarked quite tersely, "It's a zoo, it's a zoo." Although Bullard and Bev made it through the holidays, most of the Zoo Colleges got shot down. The Alabama Parkes burned and attention turned to V. U. We were not surprised to see all the happy faces at P. E.'s after the Clinic Bowl victory. Rooster, we hope that you and Sally had a good time playing in the creek. One last thing, Rooster, when does Club Sneed open again? For the last few football games we have been wondering whether Frank has been cheering for the team or for his renewed love affair. Canoeing seems to be the thing to do now; Molly, we do not think that you should take things that diminish other people.

We would like to congratulate Cecil on catching a really big fish. Rumor has it that Meg really likes those "Clark" candy bars. People tell us that if the Fort does not shape up, it will be knocked down Quick. Setting the "Pace" for the Junior-Freshman set is the song "Hooray for Hazel."

In attempting to show our poetic ability, we have two more little rhymes for our readers.

Mayes in a daze cannot see,
That the true D. F. is really she.

We found a new man in little Roger
When with Beth he could not dodge her
Another tie-up with Harpeth Hall School
Here R. M., have you forgot the Golden Rule?
One final note: Who threw that pumpkin on the
Witches' night out???

The Warlock's Reply

We, the warlock (?), are extremely remorseful that the identity of the Bell Witch was revealed; and the warlock is appreciative of the excellent retaliation! . . . but the warlock refuses to condescend to use their place for personal feuds. Enough of this and on with the slice.

Pig's "golden" line has been so lucrative that he has decided to open a store with his profile—Pig's Jewelry New and Used. . . . Flash—Actually, what does Holder see in that little red chicken anyway? . . . Flash—In answer to the Witches' question, Frank has been cheering for the team. . . .

Upon reading the witches' column, a few comments arose: We have noticed W. B. has been "Libbin'" at Lipscomb lately! We wonder if S. B. has tickled the Brace since the Clinic Bowl Celebration?

Hey, B. H., is there a "Cammilleen" in your jacket? How have R. Q. and H. A. been spending their library time? Studying Wood and Steele?

C. R.—"Mayes your days be bright and cherry!" S. H.'s hair needs cutting; hasn't he been to the "Barber" lately?

If there's any more news we shall be sure to send it by the M. E. and Slave express, for we have Faith that we will see them every day.

We hate the Bell Witches!!

The Warlocks

"As for other alumni, Doug is as pleased with Amherst as I am. Ian Ednie is at Williams, about 50 miles from here.

Yours truly,
Joe Strayhorn"

Alex Nicholson is also enthusiastic about his situation. Having made perfect scores on both his Advanced Placement exams, he was able to take higher level courses this year, and was given 20 hours credit toward graduation. Alex is very much interested in taking advantage of Stanford's extensive foreign study program in his sophomore year.

John Waggoner reported that his professors regard his theme-writing ability highly and are recommending him for honors work. LSU, John reported is very agreeable both in studies and extra-curricular activities.

Doug Neff agreed with Joe that Amherst is just what he had been looking for. Because the work is not as hard as he had expected, Doug plans to go out for swimming later this year.

Orators Prepare for Emory

by Brett Kirkpatrick

Who will go to Emory? This is the question which is forcing many members of the Forensics Club to rely more and more on their ever-present NO-DOZ tablets as they stay up late at night strengthening their cases, practicing their speeches, or keeping up with current events as they constantly strive to provide a partial answer to this maddening question. The trip to the Barkley Forum Debate and Forensics Tournament at Emory University is the highlight of the year for the MBA orators and debaters.

Unfortunately, however, only the best people in each division are allowed to make the trip. Thus, everyone is employing every conceivable method to earn a chance to go (some have even taken such drastic steps as working), and checking his total of speaker points for the past tournaments which contribute to the selection of participants. A recent poll reveals that the race to watch is between the senior and prodigious sophomore affirmative debate teams. Who will make the trip? Only the results of the upcoming tournaments will tell.

The team's first tournament was at Clarksville High School. Although the team had not had much practice, several members turned in surprisingly good performances. In humorous reading, Tommy Summers won first place and J. B. Marks placed third. Loyd Smith took third place in extemporaneous speaking. Although none of the debate teams won, they gained valuable experience.

The next tournament was at Maplewood on Oct. 22. The varsity negative debate team composed of Bill Terry and Bob Bryant argued to a record of three wins and no losses; however, they did not compile enough speaker points to win an award. The varsity affirmative team of Tom Holman and Bill Barton won two of their debates. Kim Sellick won second place in dramatics reading.

On October 15, David Lipscomb College held its annual forensics workshop. MBA took seven people, most of whom were debaters. The highlight of the day was a discussion of the current debate topic. Each person participated and was given a grade on how well he did. The MBA debaters really succeeded this time and, having gotten higher scores than anyone else, they won the discussion trophy. The participants in the winning of this trophy were Brett Kirkpatrick, Henry Walker, Bill Barton, and Steve Neff. Three other people Doug Small, Russ Rose, and Bill Downey went but did not participate in the discussion. Once again, the Forensics Club gained valuable experience.

One now begins to wonder when the Forensics Club is going to quit gaining valuable experience and start using it. The first opportunity came on Nov. 5 which was the date of the MBA-BGA debate tournament. After three very successful rounds of debate, the results were as follows: the affirmative team composed of Brett Kirkpatrick and Henry Walker won the "best affirmative team" title. Kirkpatrick took the title of the "best affirmative speaker" in the tournament. Walker was third best speaker. The negative team, composed of Doug Small and Steve Neff, took the "second best negative team" title. Small also was the second best negative speaker. Despite the boys' winning all of these titles, the fact that MBA was co-host prevented their receiving the trophies that accompanied these achievements. The other debaters, Tom Holman, Bill Barton, Jerry Greer, and Bob Bryant, did not participate in the debating, but did an admirable job in directing the tournament.

Having picked up momentum, the team then went to Memphis on November 17. Here they participated in the largest tournament of the year, the Frayser High School Invitational Tournament. Once again the team took advantage of all the knowledge it had amassed and did a fantastic job. In humorous reading, Tommy Summers took first place in both of his rounds. Kim Sellick split his two rounds of dramatic interpretation with a first and a second. In declamation, Scott Alden won a second and a first, George Wade won first and third. Pat White won a third and fourth, and Paul Ogle won a first and fourth. In extemporaneous speaking, Loyd Smith won two seconds and in poetry interpretation, David Salmon won a second and a third, and Ricky Levy won a first and a second.

The debate teams, who debated both sides of the topic, did as follows: Jerry Greer and Steve Neff won one and lost one. Lee Buchanan and Bill Downey also split their rounds. Bob Bryant and Bill Terry won one of theirs and lost the other. The other teams, Brett Kirkpatrick-Henry Walker, Tom Holman-Bill Barton, and Russ Rose-Doug Small were all undefeated. On the basis of the points that the members gained, MBA placed fourth in the tournament. Although this, at first, does not seem very exceptional, the fact that the team had only 21 people while the first place team had over 70 clearly shows how well they did. MBA scored 72% of their possible points.



Jolly Saint Nick, unable to find a chimney, flees Wallace Hall, having triggered MBA's ingenious alarm system.

CLASS NEWS SLASH PAINLESS

On Saturday, December 3, the Seniors, wearing sad-colored garments and gray, filed from the sunshine and the rose bushes through the old, iron-studded door of Wallace Hall, and thence to their doom at the hands of the almighty Machine. Yes, it was none other than the Boards, which, like the three sinister *Parcae*, decided the fates of every member of the Century class. SAT spun the thread of life; Writing Sample held the scissors; Achievements timed the eternal cut. And in one short day, all was decided—all that the Seniors would ever say, do, and become.

The pre-Christmas slump has always had strange effects on Seniors—the century class being no exception. One might perchance view some blurry-eyed Senior wandering about the campus on a dark winter's afternoon, posing such questions to the trees as "What is Man? Who am I? What does it mean to be?" Herein, however, we must restrict ourselves only to the more sane remarks of the sages of the Honor Room:

Meeks: "Get the #(%)(%) out of here."

Mr. Meriweather: "What was that, Meeks?"

Reed: "I get caught every time."

Quinn: "Hey Jayser, are you decent?"

Atkins: "Pitiful!"

Shahen: "Oo, you mean Stinky!"

Alden: "Honest, Mrs. Ridgeway, it was only a coke."

Banks: "All you have to do is set the clock up and the bell will ring. . . ."

The "Loser of the Month" trophy goes to Arthur Reed for excellence in getting kicked out of the Honor Room.

The Party of the Month was held in all its glory at Philip Englert's domicile on Thanksgiving night in honor of the victorious BIG RED football players. It was certainly a heartfelt and well-expressed giving of thanks. It seems that our high-studded team got somewhat out of control, and we understand that a few linemen have not yet found their way home. Of great intellectual value was the effervescent Johnny Brancewell's discourse on *The Ficklish Areas of the Human Body*. It was also revealed to us that Rusty Lawrence and Robbie Quinn gave Jay a surprise party later that night.

Having no other news of great import; I hereby place Tom Holman's name in my article, knowing full well that he would somehow manage to put it in himself.

Cherry Mistmas,
Rudolph the Red

Junior Cuts

EXODUS

The junior class once more would like to offer its condolences (congratulations) to new members of the class—at Hillsboro. May we send our regrets to A.B., B.B., C.B.

Congratulations to Charles Nelson, Melvin Tidwell, and John Brittingham for their recent membership in the Hill's honorary fraternity *Lambda Iota Mu Phi*. Rumor has it that Paul Worley and Richard Cannon are planning on writing a syndicated column for the Associated Press.

Is it true Penn Waugh is the next nominee for the Grant Smithson Award for Optimism?

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

Mr. Crowell: "Mr. Bryant, you may tell Mr. Neff where he may go."

Herbert: "I just couldn't take it—I had to get up and leave."

Neff: "Mr. Bryant, you may tell Mr. Crowell where he may go."

Mr. Poston: "Moats, haven't you straightened out Harland yet?"

Small: "What did you make on the . . . ?"

Lochte: "Gee, Mr. Peel, that's mighty white of you."

—"Hell hath no fury like a geometry teacher."

By the way I hear the "six pack" are going to have to start brewing their own.

In closing we would like to remind you of just one more thing, "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and now you know why."

—The Gospel According to Thunderball

Sophomore Insights

One of the most successful football seasons in MBA history ended with a 21-0 Thanksgiving Day victory over Litton in the Clinic Bowl. Congratulations to all the sophomores who contributed to the great success of this team. The day after the Clinic Bowl, Coach Bennett took eight boys to Memphis to play Memphis University School in a scheduled varsity basketball game. Four of these boys were sophomores! Barry Holt and Howard Carmichael both started in the game, and Bruce Jones and Barry Banker saw action in the losing effort. We hope these boys can all remain on the team when the co-varsity football players try out for basketball. Sophomore Jeff Peeples, fresh from the football field, looks as if he might see considerable varsity action this year.

Many other sophomores will be fighting for spots on the J. V. basketball squad. Basketball, however is not the only winter sport of interest to the sophomores. Clyde Smith and Brett Kirkpatrick both were victorious in an early practice wrestling match with C.M.A. Good luck to the boys who have chosen this grueling sport.

Sophomore elections were finished when the first paper came out, but the results were not in before the paper's deadline. Peter Power is president; Gordon Peerman and Dave Alexander are on the Honor Council; Barry Banker is vice-president; Barrett Sutton is secretary; Him Glasgow is treasurer. Congratulations to all these boys.

Sophomore couple of the month—Tommy Barton and Sarah Quick.

Akin is achin' for a Husband.

Event of the month—Fowler gets his license.

Freshman Follies

More and more students are starting to bring their lunches to school. Wonder why? Don't be surprised if one of these days you see a sign on the door of the cafeteria saying: "Out to Lunch."

This month's award for stylishness goes to Bill Cole for his "mod" crutches. Incidentally, they are now for sale to the highest bidder.

As was expected, only a handful of students showed up at the Clinic Bowl. Not much of a turnout, eh? Come on people, you can do better than that!

Here are some sentences which were picked up around campus and which somehow passed the censors:

Mr. Watson: "Well, okay now people, let's get on the stick."

Mr. Treadway: "Have your Mommy and Daddy sign these flunked tests. Make 'em real proud of you."

Allen: "Are you going to teach summer school, Mr. Treadway?"

Burkhalter: "Hi, greasy!"

Frist: "Now all o' y'all get out and sell some!"

Mr. Treadway: "Mr. Foonson, the next one, please."

Mr. Skinner: "Why aren't we paying attention?"

Mr. Carter: "Gimme an M. . . ."

Sugg: "Gee, I really don't know. . . ."

Goetz: "Have you ever seen a trained snail?"

Fentress: "Gee, can I get in a combo too?"

Eason: "Hey Billy. . . ."

Mrs. Sims: "I always like boys who are nice."

Lucian: "I like them brithches, Milam."

Noel: "Who needs Biology, anyway?"

One last note: Edward Voorhees requests that he be called by his nickname, "Eddy the K."

The Eighth Note

HOOPLAH!!

One-third of the school year is up. We're all full of Christmas spirit; the Big Red triumphed in the Clinic Bowl; this is the season when Vandy wins for a change.

Roomer is not here right now. He's appearing before the Honor Council for his last column; consequently, this column was composed by Roomer's wife, Maude.

Maude hears. . . .

Sadistic Tampriscus charged in beating of Catalina. . . . Thanks to intervention by teachers, the seventh period Honor Room Soccer Championships will be postponed until Saturday. . . . Marianelli's name is Chinese? . . . Mark Shepard is a Sominex addict. . . . Brock Stevenson

starts Rabies Foundation. . . . (Don't expect too much good humor in this; the editors lost my first copy and I wrote this in twenty minutes). . . . (Don't expect too much news either; Maude's hard of hearing).

The eighth grade, having come through another week safe from the harangues of Mrs. Carter, will officially reassemble (hopefully) January 4.

P. S. Will anyone with some good ideas for this suffering article please turn them in on a full sheet of paper, for me to dispose of?

From the Attic

As Christmas draws near, more and more people are wondering what to get their friends and relatives for the special day. This year records seem to have a surge of popularity. Some of the hits on the Hill are:

Scratch My Back—Bill Carpenter

Do You Believe in Magic—The Freshman Football Team

1, 2, 3—Clive Sell

Cool Jerk—Ernie Leonard

Lil' Red Riding Hood—Steve Gregory

A new organization has been founded in 7N. The club that speaks out against talking only with permission, class officers, and demerits is known as the *Lawmakers*

Society. The club has a Declaration of Independence, a preamble, and officers which are:

President—Matt Dobson

Vice-President—Ernie Leonard

Secretary—Hal Justice

Sergeant at Arms—Miller Manier

The famous last words of an anonymous member were:

GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEMERITS!!

Preamble of the *LAWMAKERS*

We, the lawmakers of 7N, hereby certify that we may do as we please and make our own laws.

Mr. Poston has made a 50c bet with Willis Farris that 7N will win the intramurals over 7A. The last time Farris and Mr. Poston made a bet, Farris paid him off in play money!!

At the close of the first six weeks 7B received a new student, Fred Hammer. But instead of bringing Mrs. Bowen apples, he brought her some disposition pills (red hats) for her collection. I guess Mr. Ridgeway was happy to see them.

Now that basketball has started Mrs. Bowen claims that if she were our (7B's) coach, we would win the championship.

Since she isn't our coach, she won't tell us any of her coaching secrets. What's the difference, 7B is going to win anyway.



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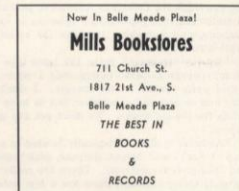
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Air Attack Bombs Lions

On Thanksgiving Day, the Big Red used strong offense and tenacious defense to claw the Litton Lion 21-0 for the N.I.L. championship. The Lions, champions of the supposedly superior Eastern Division, were in the game only through the first quarter.

MBA won the coin toss and elected to receive. Bill Blair, showing some of the moves that made him All-State, returned the ball forty yards to the Big Red forty-five yard line. There, the pattern of the early part of the game was established as the Lions, keying on Blair, were stopping the MBA ground game. The remainder of the first quarter consisted of a series of punts with neither able to move the ball consistently.

Finally, the Big Red got a long-awaited break on the last play in the first quarter, when the Lions were caught roughing MBA kicker, Tom Rody. On the first play in the second quarter, Rody hit Rusty Lawrence with a forty-five yard pass which brought the ball to the Lion twenty-yard line. Another pass to Lawrence netted thirteen yards and the Big Red moved in for the kill. Using Blair as a decoy, Rody swept around right end to score untouched. Bill Husband added the extra point. The remainder of the half was spent with the Big Red on the defensive as Blair stopped a Lion drive on our ten with a leaping interception.

At the half, Sally Holder, MBA representative to the Clinic Bowl, was crowned queen. After halftime ceremonies, MBA kicked off. Again, the stringent defense, headed by Philip Englert, Sandy Haury, and John Bracewell, forced Litton to kick. On our first offensive play of the second half, Rody found Hunter Atkins with a forty-yard pass. There, on the Lion eighty-yard line, the drive stalled. But again the defense held and forced Litton to kick. A nineteen-yard punt was an aid on another drive. Rody swept left end for thirteen yards; another pass to Lawrence brought the ball to the two, from which point Blair scored on one of his patented end sweeps. Husband again kicked the extra point. Once again, the game settled into a defensive battle and third quarter ended 14-0.

The Big Red started to drive in the fourth quarter. Alternating running and passing, Rody used up time and tired the heavy Litton line. The drive, highlighted by a leaping catch by Blair, was culminated by a clutch, three-yard run for the touchdown by Husband. For the third consecutive time, Husband added the extra point. Litton was forced into a late, fourth-quarter passing drive; however, this drive was squelched when Bubba Herrington intercepted a Lion pass and ran it back to the Litton twenty. It was there that the game was to end with the final score 21-0. To complete the annihilation it was announced that MBA had also dominated the ticket sales.

MBA 26—Springfield 0

On Thursday night, November 17, the Big Red journeyed to Springfield, Tenn. to meet the Yellow Jackets. This game was postponed from the fourth of November due to inclement weather. Although the Jackets had won only two games, they provided their usual stiff opposition. The Big Red opened its scoring the first time it got the ball. Quarterback Tom Rody hit ends Hunter Atkins and Rusty Lawrence with two 34 yard passes. Sophomore Bill Husband scored on a 6 yard thrust. Then PAT was no good.

The next touchdown was scored by Atkins on a beautiful 12 yard toss from Rody. Husband booted the extra to make the score 13-0. The third touchdown of the evening capped a 72 yard drive which took only three plays. Rody hit Lawrence, who made a sensational catch, with a 43 yard toss and Blair picked up 4. Husband then scampered the last 25 yards for the TD. Husband converted the extra and the score at halftime was MBA 20 Springfield 0.

MBA closed its scoring by taking the second half kickoff and marching 73 yards. Husband scored the final TD with a four yard blast. The PAT was no good and the score remained 26-0 until the end of the game. Husband, Blair, John Bracewell and Barrett Sutton all played well for the Big Red, who entered the Clinic Bowl on Thanksgiving Day with an 8-0-1 record.



With a mighty shout of triumph, Blair snatches a pass from the grip of a Litton receiver. Picture courtesy of The Nashville Tennessean.

The Bear Facts

by "Bear" Bryant

Last year's Kentucky Wildcats, SEC champions and runners-up in the NCAA finals, were referred to in awe by the basketball world as "Rupp's Runtz." A similar note of terror has been struck during the past ten weeks in the hearts of the NIL footballers at the mention of a group of boys known (not to their faces) as the "Little Red." This somewhat exaggerated appellation refers to the fact that this year's Big Red were consistently outwitted in the line and usually in the backfield. The fifteen pounds given to Litton was merely typical, and the disparity in size ranged up to that with the huge Springfield Yellow Jackets, led by a 258-pound tackle. However, speed, quickness, sheer guts and desire assured the Big Red's surmounting this obstacle, and led the way to the NIL and Clinic Bowl championships, and the ranking by all four polls as the number two team in the state.

Congratulations of the highest order are due to Bill Blair. Superlatives become inadequate to describe his play this year. After running away with the NIL scoring and rushing titles, Bill was named to the first team on both all-city squads and voted the Most Valuable Player in the NIL. The honors did not stop there, for Bill to date has been named to the first team of four All-State listings and has been cited as the fourth most sought-after college prospect in Tennessee.

This columnist also wishes to put in his two bits' worth toward the recognition of Rusty Lawrence. For two years, Rusty has been a highly consistent, if not spectacular defensive and offensive end. In the Clinic Bowl, Rusty topped off his career with a truly brilliant performance. His phenomenal catches brought the crowd to their feet several times, but he was most impressive, if not as noticeable, in his defensive work. Litton simply did not gain around Rusty's end. However, the sports writers at the game did notice, and awarded Rusty the Most Valuable Player trophy. Congratulations are most certainly due to Rusty and to John Bracewell for earning All-City and second team All-State recognition.

As an addendum to the football season, we must note that the Big Red never got to play BGA; but everyone at the Clinic Bowl knew that he was watching the number one and not the number two team in the state.

FINAL NOTE: Is it true that Bill Blair is "awaiting the call" to become Vanderbilt football coach?

A great deal of recognition is due to H. Prynn for the tremendous desire exhibited in earning her letter.



Rusty Lawrence takes a dive against Litton. Picture courtesy of The Nashville Tennessean.

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Microbe Football

The seventh grade closed its season with a 53-7 win over Ensworth. Players who excelled were Ernie Leonard, Rip Trammel and Bill Curtis. The eighth grade played Clarksville Greenwood and St. Henry's, losing both by a close, 7 point margin. But in closing their season, the Little Red clobbered Ensworth 28-7. Mitch Garriot scored after intercepting an Ensworth pass. Wade Sutton scored from the two, and Bob Hazelhurst threw to Chuck Baker for two scores.

Ernie Leonard, a seventh grader moved up to the eighth grade team, and Bruce Tigert made interceptions besides Garriot's pick-off. Bo Richardson, Steve Todd, Bill Moore, Bob Murphy, and Charly Whiteman all did outstanding jobs this year opening holes which allowed Teddy MacCarley, Bill Peerman, and Wade Sutton, the backs, to score.

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Personalities:

Tillman Exchanges Glove for Ruler

One of the major reasons for MBA's greatness as a preparatory school is its unusually fine faculty, which is composed not merely of "teachers," but of individuals who work with students in and out of class, and who are concerned with knowing their individual students in ways which extend beyond the classroom and beyond an academic year. It is the purpose of this column to present various members of the faculty as real people, very much worth getting to know.

"But I'm not interesting," said Mr. James Tillman in the interview for this article. However, anyone who knows him will disagree with this modest assessment, and it is hoped that, after reading this necessarily short sketch, a great many people will know Mr. Tillman.

At MBA, Mr. Tillman is not only a math and algebra teacher in the Junior School; he gives generously of his time to advise the Big Red Club, help coach Freshman basketball, and this spring will assist Coach Bennett with the baseball team.

Since he is new to MBA, Mr. Tillman was impressed with the difference between MBA and the public schools to which he is accustomed. He cites the distinctive quality of the interest which the faculty takes in the students, the "sense of achievement" which the students show, and the lack of disciplinary problems as examples of this difference.

Most students do not think of their instructors primarily as athletes. A great part of Mr. Tillman's life, however, was spent as a professional baseball player. His baseball career began when he was at Belmont College on a baseball and basketball scholarship. After signing a professional contract, he could no longer accept the scholarship from Belmont, and therefore transferred to Peabody, where he earned his Bachelor's degree after studying for five years in the off seasons.

"It's a game of extremes," said Mr. Tillman about baseball. "You have to take the good with the bad." And, for three years, he did just that, pitching for Kingsport, Tennessee, Batavia, New York, and Statesville, North Carolina in the minor leagues, and for Pittsburgh and Boston in the majors.

Mr. Tillman views his years in baseball as a truly valuable experience, well worth the time and effort he gave; he does, however, seem rather glad to be away from a job which he described as very insecure, in which one never could be sure of the next night's accommodations, and in which one could be transferred or sold on very short notice.

In a way, Mr. Tillman seems like the proverbial athlete: lithe, friendly, and modest almost to a fault. With his background, he is well-qualified to teach and to coach.

The Belle

"She's got that style, that smile, that winning way." This accolade fittingly describes a very special young lady whose intelligence, wit, and warmth of personality make it an honor for THE BELL RINGER to present her as the Belle.

Miss Kathy Williams is a very prominent senior at Harpeth Hall. Having participated in student government as vice-president and student council representative for her freshman class, Kathy was elected president of this year's senior class. Excelling also in scholarship, Kathy is taking honor courses in French and mathematics, and belongs to the French club and the Junior Classical League.

MBA also has been fortunate to be included in Kathy's wide range of interests. Her contributions to the school have been as a spaghetti supper waitress and, most important, as an actress in the productions of the MBA Players. Kathy played in *The Sand Box* in 1964 and most successfully in last year's acclaimed performance of *Bell, Book, and Candle*. This year she hopes to be in the MBA production of *Antigone*.



It is her activities outside school, however, which truly reveal Kathy's wide range of interests and abilities. She attends West End Methodist Church, where she is a member of the MYF chapter. She is also a member of SAP sorority.

Two important fields which claim much of Kathy's time are interpretive dancing and music. Her participation in dancing over seven years has included a performance at the Circle Theatre. In music, although she modestly maintains that "The Girl From Ipanema" is the extent of her musical ability, anyone who hears her play will learn that she is actually a competent pianist.

Kathy is by far most involved in and dedicated to the theater. Her performances at MBA are only a small part of her participation in this field. Her greatest success has been at the Nashville Stage Door and Children's Theaters where she has performed in ten productions in six years, and last summer was assistant director for one of the Stage Door productions.

Kathy plans to continue her theatrical work at Northwestern University or Southern Methodist University, where she will major in speech and drama. After college, she is considering making the theater her career. It is very likely that Kathy will do quite well in this vocation, for she has not only the talent but also the ambition which is required for success in that demanding field.

Kathy explains her early choice of this career by the fact that she has grown up close to the theater, and that it has come to mean for her an invaluable means of self-expression, a way to study great literature by actually participating in it, and a source of lasting enjoyment.



Poised on the pinnacle of success, Blair, Bracewell, and Lawrence view the mundane world far below them.

Blair, Lawrence, Bracewell Leaders on/off Football Field

Question: What MBA boy manages to avoid Belle Meade Buffet's lunches every Monday by eating with the Optimist Club? Why Bill Blair, of course, who was Optimist Club Player-of-the-Week seven out of nine possible weeks.

Bill came to MBA as a freshman from Burton. Since Bill has been on the Hill, football has been the major part of his athletic interests. He played for our Freshman team his first year, and he has played with the varsity ever since as a halfback and later as tailback.

This year marked Bill's crowning success on the football field. He was named to the All Nashville Team and Most Valuable Player of the NFL because of such achievements as scoring three times, intercepting a pass, recovering a fumble, and causing a fumble all during the Ryan game. All told, Bill scored 120 points this season and was named to the AP and UPI All-State teams.

But Bill's talents are not restricted to football; he has participated with the Freshman basketball and track squads. He was on the junior varsity basketball team, and he used his superior running abilities to compete with the varsity tracksters for two successive seasons. Bill is at present tearing up the intermural soccer league. He is truly an all-round competitor.

Bill is one of the campus's most able leaders. He has been the Vice-President of the Sophomore Class and Honor Council Representative to the Junior Class. He is presently serving as Secretary of the Senior Class.

Bill is active in many of the school's organizations. He is President of the Service Club, of which he has been a member for three years; he is a member of the Big Red Club and the Hi-Y Club.

In addition to all this activity, Bill belongs to the Second Presbyterian Church and is a member of Alpha Chi Fraternity.

"But Dr. Sager (Mrs. Lowry, Mrs. Hollins, Mr. Ridgway), how do you expect me to have my homework, when I had to go to the football banquet last night?" These time-honored words belong to our erudite personality, Rusty Lawrence.

R. L. came to MBA (without his cough, contrary to rumors) from Robertson Academy, as a freshman. In four years at MBA, Rusty has distinguished himself both as a scholar and as an athlete.

Rusty probably has more athletic letters than any other student on the Hill. For three years he has distinguished himself on the football field as a varsity player, and this season served as an alternate captain. Rusty has also been a member of the basketball and varsity tennis teams since his freshman year and is looking forward to a successful season in both sports this year.

Aside from his athletic abilities, Rusty has also excelled academically. Since coming to MBA, he has won the Biology Medal and the Debate Medal, and he is now a member of the Senior Honor Society.

Off campus Rusty, a member of the Vine Street Christian Church, also acts as treasurer of Alpha Chi Fraternity.

The ball is snapped; a squat, well-known figure explodes through the opposing line; an instant later the enemy ball carrier is cut down by MBA's red-jerseyed "Brace" John Bracewell. Having graduated from Percy Priest, John "Fireplug" Bracewell embarked upon his distinguished football career at MBA in his Freshman year when he received his first letter.

Since that freshman year, Bracewell has not only earned two varsity letters under Coach Owen but also was selected this year to both the *Banner* and the *Tennessean* All-City Teams as well as to a place on the Sports Writer's All-State Honorable Mention list.

Yet John has not limited himself to athletics; he has had a major role in the leadership of the Century Class. As a freshman and again as a sophomore, Bracewell served as class treasurer; in his junior year, John became vice-president.

This year he was elected to the office of treasurer of the Honor Council. His responsibilities as Delta Sigma Pledge Master and D.B.S. Social Sponsor are major factors in his social life. Perhaps, though, John is known best at MBA for his keen wit. Everyone knows that when his stocky frame comes into view, hilarity is soon to follow.

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